

The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.
BROOKWAY CENTRE, MICH.

Mrs. J. Gould rides down town in a Broadway car and goes shopping afoot.

WM. SHERWOOD, of Baltimore, will go to prison for a year because he stole a Bible.

It took ten tons of paper for the new edition of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

GEN. BOULANGER has sold the manuscript of his book on the German invasion for \$10,000.

MISS AMELIA RIVERS is said to have been offered \$30,000 for a new novel by a New York publishing house.

PHILADELPHIA is talking of a statue of Roscoe Conkling for Fairmount Park. One citizen offers to contribute \$1,000.

ALFRED L. RIPLEY, professor of German in Yale, has resigned his position and will enter upon the banking business in Boston.

In Western military circles Mrs. Howard is a great favorite. She dresses in a modest fashion, and has unobtrusive manners.

A new diamond has been discovered in Wakjra Kavor, in the presidency of Madras. It weighs over 67 carats and is valued at \$75,000.

The New York Press club has passed a resolution forbidding the playing of any games whatever for a money stake in the rooms of the club.

"You should know my wife," Mr. Matthew Arnold once remarked to an acquaintance; "she has all my sweetness and none of my conceit."

The latest fad in cigarette chromos is a picture of the Prince of Wales, John L. Sullivan and Buffalo Bill, with arms linked, each smoking a cigarette.

JOHANN STRAUSS is at work on a new operetta. It is reported, the libretto of which is by Ludwig Dörsy, a Hungarian, who has been successful in comedy writing.

A cynical Englishman, who has been spending some time in New York city, says that half the citizens are honest and reputable people, and the other half are politicians.

Mrs. D. L. King, wife of David L. King, attorney-at-law, at Akron, O., is one of the few descendants of George Washington's only sister, she being Betsy Washington's great-granddaughter.

THE Duchess of Baden placed an ivory crucifix in the dead hand of her father, the late Emperor of Germany. Now it is asserted that while the body was lying in state the crucifix was stolen.

DR. JAMES STRONG, the eminent Biblical scholar and professor of exegetical theology at Drew Seminary, has in press an exhaustive work entitled "The Tabernacle of Israel in the Desert."

VERMONT's maple sugar crop this spring is in quantity and quality above the average, owing to recently introduced improvements in its manufacture. The yield is estimated at 15,000,000 pounds.

DR. CHARLES E. SIMMONS, the medical adviser of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has just rendered a bill against the estate for \$143,000 for devoting eight years of almost devoted service to his distinguished patient.

CONGRESSMAN McKinley, of Ohio, bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte, while the profile of Representative Baker, of New York, is almost an exact reproduction of George Washington's side face.

GEN. ABRAHAM DALLY, a ninety-two-year-old resident of Brooklyn, is to receive a pension of \$600 a year from that city under authority of a bill that has passed the New York Assembly. He is a veteran of the war of '12.

In 1856 the proceedings of the Legislature at Augusta, Maine, were reported for the Kennebec Journal by James G. Blaine, while the same duty was performed for the Augusta Age by Melville Fuller, just appointed Chief Justice.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's grave is close by those of his two eldest sons, and near those of relatives, amongst whose tombstones are to be read the names of members of the Buckland family, and that of Mrs. Delafield, sister of Dr. Arnold, and aunt of the late poet.

MARK TWAIN's new "Library of Humor," just published, has the following introduction over his signature: "These select ones in this book which are from my own works were made by my two assistant compilers, not by me. This is why there are not more."

A Leap Year Novella.

Dr. Blank was a remarkably handsome man about forty years of age and a bachelor. He had a large and constantly growing practice. He was in one respect a peculiar being, a man of few words. He rarely said anything to his patients except to inquire in the briefest terms about their ailments, after which he wrote the prescription and handed it in silence to the sufferer.

Mrs. Weeds, a beautiful young widow, whose husband had been dead a couple of years, determined if possible to capture the taciturn doctor. Moreover, she was really troubled with headaches, in curing which Dr. Blank enjoyed a great reputation. Dressed in an elegant toilette, with just enough black about it to make her look interesting, she was admitted into the presence of the doctor, who was seated at his desk reading a medical journal.

"What ails you?" asked the doctor. "Pain." "Where?" "Head." "Often?" "Yes." "Doctors?" "Many." "No good?" "No good."

Delighted to find for once a patient that did not use any superfluous talk, he made a few more inquiries and then wrote out a prescription, which he handed her saying:

"Two spoonfuls." "Often?" "Daily." "Come again?" "Yes." "When?" "Week."

Mrs. Weeds bowed and took her departure, the doctor, much to the astonishment of his servant, accompanying her to the door, something which he had never been known to do for any other patient.

At the end of the week the widow who preceded that she had made an impression on the doctor, called again.

"Well?" asked the doctor. "Yes." "Quite?" "Yes." "Anything else?" "Yes." "Where?" "Here," replied the widow, placing her hand on her heart.

"Want medicine?" "Yes, you." "Who?" "You."

"How so?" "Love," replied the widow, bashfully.

"For whom?" "You." "Really?" "Marriage," sighed the widow.

"Ah!" "Well?" "Consider." "Leap year."

Note.—This ends the story. Of course the reader wants to know if they were married and were happy, but this thrilling romance is built on the Frank Stockton style, which ends by leaving the reader in the dark. Sorry but we can't help it.—*Texas Siftings*.

Americanized Foreigners.

In all discussions in regard to foreign immigration no one is so radical as to advocate prohibitory measures against immigrants who come with the determination to become Americans. We want no more foreigners, but we are willing to receive all Americans from Germany, France, Ireland and Italy that choose to come. But no Germans must remain German, no Irishman must remain Irish when he casts an American ballot. The fact that there are German communities unassimilated; Swedish colonies who can not speak an English syllable and devoid of all American principles; Italian quarters with Italian ideas of cleanliness and most un-American ideas of social order; it is such facts as these that have created the fast growing and intensifying distrust of foreigners, and caused such a demand for restrictive laws against immigration.

America has been so persistently advertised as the land of freedom, that the criminal classes of the world have come to regard it as a place where people do as they please. It has been so blazoned before the world as a land where the people rule, that all social and political visionaries, cranks and doctrinaires have come to regard it as a legitimate territory for experimentation with all their pet theories. It has been so widely published as a land where the poorest and weakest could earn his bread that the beggars of the world have turned their eyes to our shores as a paradise where bread is earned without sweat and ease brought without effort. America has been so well advertised that all the criminals of the old world have flocked to our shores, and have recoiled in disgust when they have discovered that the prison bars in this country are as strong as in Europe, and the gallows rope as non-elastic. Anarchists and social infidels have come to us, and have been astounded to learn that we have a well-established government which the people love, and that treason is just as much of a crime as in Germany or in Spain. Beggars and idlers have flocked here by thousands, and have evidently been surprised that they have not been received into the first circles of our society; for they have been taught that all men here are free and equal.

Perhaps we cannot blame these men for coming with these preconceived notions, but we must insist upon their renouncement of them before they can be accepted as Americans. An American is one who accepts American institutions and conforms to American laws. It is the too frequent attempt of foreigners to rule the country before they are naturalized that has caused the great reaction in public feeling during the last few years. This disposition, of course, has been fostered by our own native politicians. Their frenzied appeals to the "Irish vote,"

the "German vote," and all other foreign votes, have served to develop a feeling of racial classiness among the various nationalities in our midst. There is and should be no vote but the American vote.

Of course we cannot consistently object to foreigners coming to our shores, for we are all foreigners ourselves, except the small remnant of us who are Indians. The foreigner of today has as much right to come as our foreign grandfathers had. But they must become Americans as our grandfathers did before we can give them our heartiest welcome.—*Yankee Blade*.

Donnelly At Stratford.

Ignatius Donnelly made a trip upon Avon to view the birthplace of the man who died in 1616 under the hallucination that he was the author of Shakespeare's plays. The people of Stratford have heard of Donnelly and his cipher, and naturally feel a deep animosity against the man who would rob their town of everything that makes it notable. Deprive Shakespeare of his laurels and tourists would cease their pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon, and great pecuniary loss would be the consequence.

Knowing the feeling there was against him, Donnelly took the precaution to disguise himself before appearing there. He secured a guide who conducted him at once to the house where the great dramatist was born.

"Ere," said the guide, impressively, "is the hidden spot where the haunter of 'Amlet' was born."

"Not so," said Ignatius, hotly, forgetting his discretion. "Bacon was—"

"Wot!" exclaimed the guide, indignantly, "wot're ye saying about Bacon?"

"I was going to remark," replied Donnelly, hastily withdrawing from the hole he was getting in, "that the bacon they gave me for breakfast was a very poor article."

"Ah," said the guide, "we don't go much on Bacon hereabout, since that Hamerican said 'e wrote our Billy's plays. 'E's in 'Lon' I'd ear, but we'd lok to catch 'im in Stratford. We'd punch 'is 'ead for 'im. Never rold Shakespeare, mister?"

"No, but Bacon—"

"Bacon?" Wot ye mean by 'ar'n' on Bacon all the time?"

"I merely wanted to ask if they carried on bakin', washin' and other household arts in the old historic house?"

"In course not. The 'ouse is kept for show now."

By this time the guide began to view him with so much suspicion that he paid his fee and dismissed him, taking the first train back to London, for fear that the people would find him out and mob him. He was there long enough, however, to invent another cipher, by an ingenious combination of the hotel, the day of the week, name of the guide, title of the newspaper, he picked up casually, the letters on a butcher's sign and the name of a bull dog in the stable, by which he expects to additionally fortify his Baconian theory.—*Texas Siftings*.

A Business Dog.

Several days ago a Scotch colly made his appearance in the town clerk's office. He placed his fore paws on the desk of one of the clerks and whined. Finally he laid a silver dollar, which he held in his mouth, on the floor at the feet of the clerk. The dog was recognized as Jimmy Brown, the property of Prof. D. Cady Eaton, of Yale university. For several years Prof. Eaton has brought the dog to the town clerk to have him registered. This year he came with him as far as the front entrance. There he threw a coin upon the sidewalk and the dog picked it up and carried it into the town clerk's office. As soon as it was learned what the dog wanted, his papers were made out and placed in an envelope, which was given to him, and in his mouth he carried them to his master, who was waiting for him outside the building.—*New Haven Register*.

The Congo.

In regard to the Congo. It is the most wonderful system of waterway on the face of the globe. It has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, three times its population, "thirty for trade," to use Stanley's expression. Prof. Dupont, the eminent Director of the Museum of Natural History, at Brussels, who has just returned from there, after six months of exploration of its lower waters, said that its fertile valleys were destined to be the granary of the world. India-rubber, gums, ivory, dyestuffs, silver-lead, iron, coffee and palm oil are there in immense quantities, awaiting exchange for the stuffs which we can furnish.

"The Guide."

"I am the guide," he said, and rushed in new dramatic realms untold; From off the stage they bore him crushed, His last words, "I'm the guide!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Doctor's Cane.

The latest style of cane is owned by a Portland physician, who uses it for three purposes—as a cane, as a protector, and for professional purposes. It consists of a bamboo rod, into which fits a long steel receptacle, shaped like half a tube, in the concave side of which are springs holding in place small vials of ammonia, morphine, and needles and surgeons' thread, and, in fact, all antidotes and surgical appliances necessary in cases of emergency.

At the Telephone.

McCrackie—"Give me No. 1834." Central—"All right." McCrackie (after waiting ten minutes)—"Why can't I get 1834, Central?" Central—"Haven't you got them yet?" McCrackie—"No; I've got nothing yet but paralysis of the left arm."—*Puck*.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

Her Neglected Grave in the Woods of Indiana.

A Gentryville (Ind.) correspondent to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* writes: In a neglected piece of woodland on the outskirts of Lincoln City, two miles from this place, in Spencer County, is the grave of President Lincoln's mother. A humble slab 4 feet in height and almost buried in dense growth of weeds and dog wood, bears this inscription:

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN,
MOTHER OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
Died October 5, A. D. 1818, aged 35 years. Erected by a Friend of Her Martyred Son. 1879.

At the foot of the grave is a small marble foot-stone with the letters "N. H. L." engraved upon it. Surrounding this grave are the graves of seven other persons, but there are no stones or monuments to identify the occupants of any of them, and all are sadly neglected. The deserted spot is but a short distance from the highway, but is so situated that it can be reached only by crossing cultivated fields. With the proper efforts the place may be made very attractive, however, and there is some talk among the people here of beautifying it and erecting a more costly stone over the Lincoln grave. The place is seldom visited by strangers and rarely by the people living hereabouts.

Not more than 200 yards north of the grave is the spot upon which stood the house in which lived President Lincoln while a young man. It was made of logs, of course, and on a small rise of clay and looking round. Not a vestige of the old structure remains.

The writer frequently visited the house before it succumbed to the ravages of time and the elements, as his uncle lived on and cultivated for years that which has passed into history as the Lincoln farm. Just back of the spot where the house used to stand runs a Cañon branch of the road.

Time has nearly obliterated all traces of the Lincoln's here, save the lonely grave in the deserted wood. Lincoln City is so named because it is situated at the foot of the old home of the Lincoln family. It is a small town of about two dozen families and is the junction of the Evansville, Cincinnati and Rockport Division of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railroad. Some Eastern capitalists, a few years ago, made an attempt to boom the place, but despite the magnetism of the name, the boom was not successful, and it is very doubtful if the place ever grows in population beyond the land surrounding it is of a very poor quality.

Some of the old inhabitants of this vicinity tell how, in 1814, when Lincoln was an elector at large on the ticket with Henry Clay, he visited the home of his boyhood, and for his back up against the old stone schoolhouse and talked to his old friends and neighbors.

The War Scare in England.

John Bull has a periodical war scare, the outcome of which is to squander more money on the army and navy and on fortifications. There is not a shadow of a shadow of war at the present time, but certain army officers and politicians are ever holding up the Russian nightmare, and the defenseless condition of the country. Even Gen. Wolsey, who is a high military authority has spoken deprecatingly of England's defenses.

Such a man as Wolsey cares more about increasing the army and navy than about educating the people. He believes in machines not in man. An educated people has fourfold the power of an uneducated people. He believes in numbers, and the British government replies to these strictures by the statement that the army contains 31,000 more soldiers than it did four years ago; that guns and armaments have been largely increased; and that England is not unprepared for war.

When Louis Napoleon was emperor of France and was inclined to be gruff, or even to sneeze, British politicians cried out about the defenseless condition of England; and the result was that the government was induced to spend tens of millions on fortifications or on iron-clads which have since proved to be worthless. When an aristocrat is in power, they always desire to expend the public money not for the benefit of the people, but on the army and the navy, which are the prongs of aristocracy in every country.

Fortunately for the United States, it is not aristocracy that is in power, and it will never be interfered with in any State where it then existed. That is to say, it was proposed that the people should forever surrender the right or power to touch slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line. This most astounding concession to the element which was then just in the act of sealing the life of the Government received the votes of two-thirds of the Republican members of both houses. The purpose of the bill, of course, was to prevent war and satisfy the South that the Republican party did not intend to destroy her cherished institution of traffic in human beings; but what a monstrous price it was to offer for peace! Considered in the light of what has since taken place, it looks almost like voluntary betrayal of liberty at the very moment of its triumph; and yet, it was induced by that great and good man Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural address. Mr. Conkling opposed it, however, as did others who believed that war was inevitable, and that the time had gone by for compromises.

Fortunately, the proposed surrender was not consummated. The bill passed the house on February 23, by a vote of 133 to 65; the senate adopted it during the night preceding the 4th of March, by a vote of 34 to 12; and President Buchanan approved it only an hour before the inauguration of his successor. But there the undertaking stopped, by reason of every evasive action in the case. But instead, troops were hurried into the field, and the clash of arms silenced the voices of the politicians who were willing, as Col. Ingersoll says, that slavery should become immortal.

It was right there that the Southern leaders made the gravest mistake. If they had accepted this process of settlement, they would have secured an advantage of conclusive value. The existence of slavery in all the Southern States would have been confirmed past every possible chance of future disturbance; for there can not be any doubt that a majority of the Republicans would have readily acquiesced at that time in such a solution of the difficulty so anxious were they to avoid bloodshed. But the poison of secession had taken hold upon the conspirators to an extent that blinded them to their own interest and made them many madmen, successful alike of the suggestions of reason and the obligations of patriotism. They might have perpetrated slavery in the south without firing a gun, if they had been wise enough to improve the opportunity that was presented to them. By their own folly, they lost where they had a plain chance to win. They precipitated in war, in other words, when the north stood ready to grant them ample protection for slavery wherever it then existed; and the responsibility for the loss and misery that ensued accordingly rests wholly upon them.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Monarchs Are Mortals.

The condition of the Emperor Frederick is known for certain. The son of the Emperor William has cancer of the larynx, an incurable disease. If he lives some days longer it will be a miracle.

Prince Bismarck has the gout, pleuritis, rheumatism, neuralgia and seventy-three years.

The health of the King of Holland is very doubtful.

The King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., has the whooping-cough. His condition lately inspired uneasiness. Besides, his majesty conducts himself very badly in these times; he is especially in the bath-tub, which disconcerts the ladies who groom him.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a bronchitis which tires her excessively. The Prince of Wales has influenza. The Duke of Edinburgh has a chronic inflammation. King Otto of Bavaria is mad. The Emperor of Austria suffers from lassitude, his air is gloomy and his nights are restless. He is often heard to exclaim: "Then I have a treaty of alliance and friendship with those who have inflicted sadness upon me!" The Empress Augusta is paralyzed.

Prince William has a disease of the ear that obliges him to keep his mouth. Moreover, the accounts of his health are mysterious. Some persons affirm that the son of Frederick III. will have to undergo an operation (the loss of the ear); others go further and declare that his highness is as sick as his father, if not more so.

Von Moltke has a sciatitis, a disease which brings him no income, which is ruining him, and, eighty-five years.—*Ernest Blum, in the Rappeler*.

National Debts.

The United States is the only nation of the world which is liquidating its national debt, and the only one which has more money in the treasury than the government needs for current expenses. Last year the debt of Europe aggregated \$28,422,000,000, requiring an annual sinking and interest fund of \$1,008,000,000. The yearly cost of European armies and navies is for Russia, \$197,000,000; England, \$148,000,000; Germany, \$168,000,000; France, \$171,800,000; Italy, \$68,000,000; Austria, \$68,000,000; Spain, \$40,000,000; and Turkey, \$40,000,000. The total for Europe reaches something over the billion dollar mark each year. When this thing will end no one can say, since there are no indications that the enormous burdens upon the people will ever grow less. Indeed since 1870 the public debts of Europe have increased by the enormous sum of \$8,400,000,000, the debt of France alone since the close of the Franco-Prussian having increased by \$2,600,000,000, while Russia has added nearly as much to her indebtedness during the same period.—*Toledo Blade*.

A STRANGE WAR DUEL.

How Two Federal and Confederate Scouts Settled Matters.

On the 12th of June, 1863, says a Confederate scout in the *Georgia Union*, I witnessed a duel between Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a rebel scout, in Greene county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor of one and then the other. Their commands were encamped on either side of Lick Creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferryboat, but there a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge, that communication should go neither north nor south, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months, and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with navy pistols, at 20 yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds, and agreed upon a rebel surgeon (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine-looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, 5 feet 10 inches in height, looking every inch the military chief. He was a man soldiers would esteem and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight-errantry in the Middle Ages and brave men embalm in modern poets; but when I saw Jones come to the duellists' scratch, lighting, not for real supposed wounds to scratch, but for as honestly thought, for his own country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full 6 feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet-black eyes, wearing a slouch hat and gray suit, and looking rather the demon than the man.

There was nothing ferocious about him, but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face.

They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "Fire," and he slowly said "One—two—three—fire!" they simultaneously fired, and the word was instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand, and, firing his pistol, he sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot, but, seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it on the ground and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down and asking him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glanced around that organ and came out to the left of the spinal column; besides, he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got well.

Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one the left and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well, and fought the war out to the bitter end, and today the two are successful in a wholesale grocery business, and certifying the sentiment of Byron, that "A soldier braves death," etc.

Fortunate that the above truthful narrative will be a lesson to some people North and South, that stand on the outside and yell, "Seek, dog!" and are still not satisfied with the results of the war, let me subscribe myself a reconstructed rebel.

A Chapter of History.

In his admirable tribute to the memory of the late Roscoe Conkling, Col. Ingersoll recalls a chapter of history which, for obvious reasons, has not been generally talked about. We refer to the action of the Congress of 1860-61 in passing a bill for an amendment to the Constitution, providing that slavery should never be interfered with in any State where it then existed. That is to say, it was proposed that the people should forever surrender the right or power to touch slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line. This most astounding concession to the element which was then just in the act of sealing the life of the Government received the votes of two-thirds of the Republican members of both houses. The purpose of the bill, of course, was to prevent war and satisfy the South that the Republican party did not intend to destroy her cherished institution of traffic in human beings; but what a monstrous price it was to offer for peace! Considered in the light of what has since taken place, it looks almost like voluntary betrayal of liberty at the very moment of its triumph; and yet, it was induced by that great and good man Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural address. Mr. Conkling opposed it, however, as did others who believed that war was inevitable, and that the time had gone by for compromises.

Fortunately, the proposed surrender was not consummated. The bill passed the house on February 23, by a vote of 133 to 65; the senate adopted it during the night preceding the 4th of March, by a vote of 34 to 12; and President Buchanan approved it only an hour before the inauguration of his successor. But there the undertaking stopped, by reason of every evasive action in the case. But instead, troops were hurried into the field, and the clash of arms silenced the voices of the politicians who were willing, as Col. Ingersoll says, that slavery should become immortal.

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The Disastrous Effect of Political Reasoning.

"What do you think about Shuffie's letter declining to be at the club dinner. Do you think he means it?"

"Well, I don't know; but we are bound to take him at his word; it's the only thing we can do."

"But they tell me that his letter is open to a different interpretation, and that he will be the first man to put in an appearance."

"And so you doubt his sincerity?"

"Oh, not at all; but there is such a thing as saying hands on a man and foot on a horse, where he is determined he won't go. What's a man going to do in that case?"

"Sure enough!"—*Boston Transcript*.

HERE AND THERE.

By the constitution of Kentucky the borrowing power of the state is limited at \$50,000.

At Los Angeles the mercury has registered 96 in the shade, and at Baltimore, 92 this season.

Beautiful works in wood, ivory, and shells are being made in Mexico for the Paris exposition.

The new high license law has closed 507 saloons in Pittsburgh out of a total of 727 in operation a year ago.

Hats should be cheap this year. All the markets are overstocked and 4,000 hats at Danbury, Conn., are idle on account of dull trade.

The excise board of New York city issued 9,658 licenses of all grades during the fiscal year just closed, receiving the sum of \$1,372,640 from the liquor-dealers.

An oil distributing device has been invented and recently patented for re-gauging vessels, whereby the waves may be quieted with the pouring of oil on the troubled waters.

By the constitution of Pennsylvania the debt of the state is limited to 7 percent of its assessments. By a special act of the legislature this limit may be raised to 10 percent.

Works will be commenced in El Paso, Texas, in a short time for a federal building for a postoffice and custom house, for which an appropriation of \$150,000 has been made by congress.

There yet remain to be filled 1,000 of the 2,500 square feet of space allotted West Virginia in the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States, to be held at Cincinnati.

According to *The American Review*, it is a little known fact that hard friction can develop sufficient heat to inflame benzine vapor, especially if the surface rubbed be varnished with shellac.

Boston is criticized because of a sign which reads, "Lawn Mowers Mended in the Rear." Since the death of Emerson, it must be admitted, the Bostonians have become a trifle careless with their English.

Four states of the Mexican republic have abolished bull-fighting and some action was looked for from the federal congress, but no member has been found who has sufficient nerve to propose the innovation.

If gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water; but as it is insoluble in alcohol that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distillation.

Railroad earnings in April made a better showing than they did in March. On seventy-nine roads there was an increase in the third week of April, as compared with the corresponding week last year, of 10 1/2 percent.

The English government can get horses suitable for cavalry service in Canada for \$25, and has to pay \$74 for the same animals raised in England. An attempt is being made to turn the mind of English farmers toward horse-raising.

The judgment of the United States in excluding Chinese immigration is approved and imitated elsewhere. Australia and New South Wales admit only a quota of them, and they would soon have overrun those countries but for prohibitory laws recently enacted.

The flower-growers and perfume-distillers of southern France have no fear of competition. They think that because they inherited this industry from their ancestors and because no other country has taken it up successfully no other people ever can or will.

The New York legislature has passed a bill providing for the appointment of matrons for every police station in the cities of the state. The petition was carried through by the Woman's Prison association and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The Reading railroad has arranged a new plan for fixing the wages of train conductors. Those who only work in the service are to receive \$2.40 per year; two years \$2.50, and three years \$2.60 per trip. Overtime will be allowed if delays be considered unavoidable.

The high license law which went into operation in New Jersey